THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XX. | PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. S. W. Corner of Third and Chestnut Streets, Second Story. | PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 24, 1841. | TERMS. $2 PER ANNUM. IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE NO. 1030.

Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Apostrophe to Death.

Rathen expressive? Spoke Mighty Death!
Dread emblem of oblivion's ruthless sway,
Thou'st won upon Creation's parting breath,
And dost'st sit in darkness, sorrow and decay;
Pale phantom of a past and buried world,
What vast hosts are on thy fetlock'd car,
From whence thy scentless fatal shafts were hurl'd,
When bleeding nations shook in the confining toil.
Mid smoke and flame I see thy ghastly form
Like spectral lightning streaming thro' the storm.

Then, from Elsewhere, all blank and grim,
Thy willieries promptor check'd the vital tide,
Ere yet their hearts have told'd the funeral hymn,
Yet still they'st pulsing duty up and gone,
As Erebus, when his sceptre Erichthonius' hand
The mighty Genii stamped his head and dead,—
Oh Death! all places are alike to thee,—
And beauty yields as vile carcass.

Then rat'st at state by gay Xerxes' side,
With bowing wonks thy manikens of doom,
And regardless of the weeping bride,
Undefined demands into their wrath'y tomb
For 'mid the Greeks and Persians' sad embrace
The livid plague spot paints the iron heart;
While over the distant waste, thy steady shroud,
Encircling vapors rise, and fall, and part.

The mortals breathe. O Death more vile to man
Than fell Slavery which to barter'st a brother!
Earth's mighty conquerors in dense array,
Their breathing legions forth to battle lead,
Till hand with hand, and heart with heart is met,
Reckoning hearts for each valiant deed.—
The victor's triumph is not completed yet.
A short lived conquest when by thee assail'd,
Alike unwon'd are wounding fear or woe,
Of trembling prisoner or of hero scath'd.
Great Shiloh! Death! All fields be one to thee,
Thou'st reaper Angel, Prophet, Asbestos.

The pale veil'd as Deep from Discharge,
And every lofty thought around us bed stilled.
Filling the deep and sadness to pitiless
Wherein the solace of a world are laid.
All mortals are thy children, O! thy dread.
With lightning shod, in rushing thro' the land,
Amidst proper mortals fain would enter thy quest.
But blank and merciless falls each fitted blood.
The rustic as one evil thought shall check thy way.
Till Earth herself shall crumble to decay.

Philadelphia, 1841. ANTIPHON.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Our Friends.

BY J. Q. DAY.

Among the purely literary writers, as that term is generally understood, there are many for whom we cherish considerable esteem, for whom we never may have seen those, yet we think of them as friends whom we have long known; it is difficult to believe that one who has been a kind childhood beneath the same roof with them; and if we were suddenly to meet them in the common path of our daily avocations, we would be with the same surprise with which we should unexpectedly encounter a brother in a foreign land. It is seldom that there is any warmth in an author; it is only in our coolest moments that we find ourselves playing the critic in. Losing their cold-ness or assuming their defects. They are never the objects of that admiration which we lavish on those writers whom all the world delights to extol. Their genius alone would only compel us to praise them. Their writings without a single redeeming sentiment than mere delight at extraordinary manifestations of intellectual power; they stand out before us like giants in the path of mortals and veneration; and if they have been the friends of our youth, we remember them for ever.

We are not speaking now of a class of writers. For those our friends, the critic would no doubt pass in widely different spheres. As we them they cannot be considered together; yet they all excite the same affectionate emotions in our bosoms, because they all possess, however diverse their mental constitutions, the same attributes of the heart,—the same simplicity, the same truthfulness, the same modesty, the same devotion to nature.

Among them all, they whom we love the most are old Walter the Angler, Knapp the author of a Journal of a Naturalist, Wilson the Ornithologist, Goldsmith and Bryant, and Tom and Mary Howitt. These are among our dearest friends. We speak of them now as they manifest themselves to us in their writings, and chiefly in their poetical character,—for they are poets every one. These are the true children of nature, calm and gentle souls, full of love for all that is beautiful and true, and sympathising heartily with every thing that breathes. To them we never resort to be instructed, delighted, or amused. We are drawn to them by kindly but invisible influences. With them we sit and listen to the strange, sweet music of the wind—the "still, small voice" that appears above the harsh trees which cover the valley and abroad its wayward course, or to the thousand songs of the early birds in the gray and purple morn of the morning. With them we brush the May dew from the hills; with them in summer time we enter the deepening shade of the old wood, and rest midway around on her soft moss; beauty is a painted, bedizzened courtesan; heroic deeds and a noble death are empty dreams; true honour is a bubble; the spirit of self-sacrifice, exclaimed quickly, "You're no afraid, lad?"

Still, I rather think, I should have declined this favor,—for Frank really meant it was fear—if his wife had not come in at the critical moment, and with her own sweet face and voice, and in the presence of a woman, and where well know what I was about, my word was pledged to the bonsome, to the intense delight of Frank, and the strangers showed me, with a grudge, a brace of barkers, as he called them, the Kit was to scour for my especial service. As many danger I run from this, that never once entered Frank's calculation; he lashed on those dangling flays much as a fat-hunter looks about those, in whose bosom he intends to make a necessary contingencies, not to be talked of for a moment, and which by no means take away from the pleasure of the pursuit.

Supper over, and the regular allowance of pipes and grog being duly despatched, I was called in return, with as much ceremony as calling me if there was any sair coming in; a promise that, it may be easily supposed, was altogether anticipated on my part. Frank would have willingly dispensed with punctuality on this point, but I knew him too well to double his hooping his word, and it was not long before we were all on board the vessel, in all that ferment of the spirits, which men of sedentary habits never fail to experience on the eve of travel.

It was ten o'clock before I rose from my morning sleep,—the only sleep I had enjoyed,—and on going down to breakfast, I found that my friend was out, and myself very much in the way of Peggy and her mistress, whose daily retirements were at a stand still from holiness. My bostess had incalculately caught up a bonnet that had been left by Peggy, and I plainly saw that she was burning to commence a vigorous campaign against the dust and the spiders. In pity, therefore, to her trouble, I swallowed down my breakfast, without, indeed, the least danger to my throat, and posted off in quest of my friend, the Lieutenant, who, she told me, was at the battery, a name by which she designated a large inclosure of earth with two old guns, that might be said to be on half-pay, for though they retained their places, they were no longer of service. It was not, however, my fate to reach the battery that morning, for I must needs try to make a short cut to it, and, by which, as many wise men have done before me, I lost it altogether. The ground, a large tract of open country, was intersected by ditches; the first of these, having few banks, and not being very wide, I got over easily enough; the next was too stiffish for me, and I therefore went to the right, which I could do with ease for years ago, and even allowing him to be a villain,—a villain in a land warrant,—there is yet something noble in his doings and his sufferings. In fact, the good people of this city know as little about them as they do of Feather John, or the Chase of Tartary. I have some right to speak on the subject, for one part of my early days was spent on the very confines of the world, if we could use

of countenance, while that of a stalking man there on an opposite, and a simple looking countryman in to the left, and a fashionably dressed lady behind him to rest again, and I saw heartily glad when a church gong sent us all scampering for nothing, for I was completely tired out and very glad indeed for the relief to mouth to go to bed.

It was a dark stormy night, and as I walked up to rain fell; the thunder rolled heavily, and the lightning kept along the waters, that were almost as black as the clouds above them. I was fast passing the end of the long wharf, when I heard a voice behind me, and, looking round, I perceived a man in boat, placed myself at the window to enjoy the coolness of the tempest. At very moment this apparition of a man would have been delighted to see, but now it awoke some of its usual sympathies: it was in vain that I tried to give myself up to it—my mind was out of tune for such things. Still I sat there, looking out on the sea,—when my attention was diverted by a gentleman at the door, and one I could well answer, if having slowly built on his tongue, and I heard stood before me, with a lamp in one hand, and a large coat-knife in the other. I thought she was asleep, though wide open, and her eyes fixed; and her voice, when she spoke, was subdued and low, exactly like one who talks in his slumbers, something else may be attributed to the excited state of my fancy.

"I want you directly, your window; its open upon the leaves—for the first time I looked about the bay taken away by the Lieutenant, who is out at sea tonight on the watch for smugglers."

As she muttered this indistinctly, she glided across the room to the window, and, touching the button that held it, walled slowly out. Still impressed with the idea of her being asleep, I moved cautiously to the door, and the sight that presented itself to me was enough to make my sudden attempt to wake her. At the same time I resolved not to leave the house that night, and, taking a chair from the cloth at the door, and accordingly I followed her steps at a short distance till we came to the public-house. Lots of people were there, the people had not yet gone to bed, for lights were shining through the kitchen-window, and from the voices immediately over it came the glimmer of a solitary hand that stood on a table by the fire-place. Hitherto Nancy had gone on without losing the least notice of my presence, which had served to confirm me in the idea that she was not in her sleep,—but now she turned round upon me—

"The Lieutenant's with told me truly; he is here; but not a word: follow me softly,—as though you feared to wake the dead."

I now saw that she was really awake, and my first impulse was either by force or persuasion to take her back. And yet I was afraid to interfere: I had no authority, and, as I could always overtake her, and at any rate we were going to, and from, nowhere. I did therefore as she bade me, and followed her in silence, while she went cautiously up to the window, and having examined what was passing within with all the deliberate cunning of a woman, then gently lifted the latch of the door, which opened into a narrow brick passage to the left of the kitchen. At the end of it was a short flight of stairs, and those led no into the room where I had before observed the lamp was burning; in the middle of the chamber was a plain deal coffin on trestels, in which lay the corpse of Henry, all but the face covered over with a dirty table-cloth. I now saw plainly that the peasants had held their watch below from fear of being in the second night with the dead, and a state of partial intoxication on account for having left the door open, and what purpose was this visit of Nancy's? like all else, long have we in doubt.

"Sir, Mr. Seymour; you call yourself my friend; you have eaten of his bread;—"

"If you are hung like a thief on a gibbet!—

The strangeness of this appeal startled me as that I knew not well what to answer. She repeated the question while her eyes were fixed fire.

"Will you see him hung!—hang!—hang!—You understand that word, I suppose"

"My dear Nancy!—"

"By God's light, coward, I have a mind to put this knife into you. Don't you see he is their prisoner—the chains—and in answer to a call I cried and hung;—Yes, my poor father will be hung."

And as her changing mood she wept and sobbed like an infant; this, however, did not last long—

"But they shall not—no—they shall not. Here, take this knife—plunge it into the ribbing; they may not have him alive—'tis a hard task for a daughter, and since you are here, take it and stab him as he sleeps—sleep!—he did not make him though—ask home—so half work—home to the heart—you know where it is—Here—here."

She placed my hand upon her heart as if I were to strike—I drew back aloof.

"Coward!—but you shall do it—it is a task of your own seeking—you came here of your own free will—I did not ask you to follow me—and you shall do it?"

I knew not what to say or do, and for a moment thought of flinging myself upon her to force away the knife, when I heard a scuffle below.—A few there exchanged, a single pistol-shot discharged, and immediately after was the tramp of feet upon the stairs. Nancy uttered a loud shriek—

"They are here!"

Scarcely were the words uttered than she rushed up to the coffin, and with a strength of fury, plunged the knife twice or thrice into the dead body. In the same instant the room was filled with smugglers, headed by young Woodcliff, who was astonished, as well he might be, at the extraordinary scene before him.

"Mr. Seymour!—Nancy too!—Poor girl!—But we have no time for talking, so all hands to work and help bear off the old man to the boat—we'll soon leave him in fifty fathome water out of the reach of them!—Lend—harpies."

"My father!—you shall not take my father from me!"—shrieked the poor woman.

"Be quiet, Nancy!—Lordy, lubs, down the stair-case—look to our Nancy, Mr. Seymour—gently, lads—I'll answer knock twenty living men on the head than bear one blow given to a dead one."

So saying, and leaving again briefly entreated my care of Nancy, he followed the corpse out, while the unfortunate mourner, quite contrary to my expectations, made no further opposition. She must for a time against the wishes of every body sing a word, said, when I tried to persuade her to return, very calmly replied,—"with all my heart. To what purpose should I stay here since they have taken my father from me?—They'll hang him now, and I cannot help it."

"My poor girl, your father is dead."

Nancy made a contemptuous gesture, and, passing her hand across her brow as if exhausted, said, "I am ready to faint; will you be kind enough to fetch me a glass of water?"

She did, indeed, seem ready to drop, and I went down into the kitchen to fetch the water. Seven or eight of smugglers were there busily employed in the pennants, and the sentinel, mistaking me for an enemy, levelled his pistol at my head; but the priming flashed in the pan, and, before he could repeat the attack, an old man, who had been one of the Finch, stepped between us just in good time to save me by his explanation.

The sailor then requested me to direct me to the well in the yard, at the same time putting a beaten into my hand with a caution to "look to the rotting inchling." A candle and lantern were given without good reason, for the round-work round the well was so decayed that it would scarcely bear the weight of the cylinder.

In a few minutes I had drawn up the bucket, and hastened back to Nancy with a jug full of the water. To my great surprise she was gone, and I soon saw—too late indeed—that her request for water was merely a trick to get rid of me, that she might the better escape, though, after her further object in it might be, I could not possibly divine. It was not long, however, before I found this too; for on looking out of the window, I saw her, with the lamp still in her hand, pushing out to sea in a small skiff, that was half filled, and full of smugglers, who were all busily employed in rowing with English ships of war of the name. In the last year, indeed, many of these vessels had been lost, and the Revenue officers, in consequence, were on the watch for the smugglers that found their way to the open sea, and the most unwearying the vessel of Nancy Woodcliff was found on the sands, almost half a mile from the place where she had first pushed off amid the breakers!!!

H. S.

Saturday Evening Post.

BOSTON AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1841.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-hearted countenances of our subscribers at any time.

Acknowledgement.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the *Post*, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quickly of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume will be opened next week in *fine style*, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances*. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together, and see who shall first fire in the rear. *We shall issue a splendid paper.*

ENLARGEMENT.

We shall next week honor the SATURDAY EVENING POST, GREATLY ENLARGED, and improved, *with entirely new type*, cast expressly for us, and fine white paper. The Post will be issued as usual, at the old established rate of TWO dollars in advance, and will be

THE LARGEST PAPER IN THE WORLD at the price. We *shall* still continue the plan of giving original stories from popular American writers. The well known Author of " Casting in the Lost Wax," will open next week with the first of a new series of thrilling nautical tales. In addition to the old, a vast deal more of our Correspondence will enrich its columns with choice and entertaining original articles.

The arrangement made by us, will enable us to lay under contribution for our columns, the best Magazines of Europe and America, and the earliest attention may be looked for in this paper, which in addition to a judicious compilation of domestic and foreign news, and with the most variety of wit and sentiment, will enable us still more boldly to maintain the proud position of

THE FIRST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNION.

We shall make no flourish of trumpets about the size and cheapness of the paper, or the freeboots upon which the "Old Post" stands. It has been the bottle and the breeze for the last TWENTY-ONE YEARS, and has held its position in the midst of blustering and trembling rivals, and has ceased, and buried all kinds of opponents. We say it in no spirit of vain-boasting, but in justice to the firm and substantial list of subscribers who sustain the paper, that we control one of the most prosperous weekly establishments in the country, and shall always, therefore, show a proper degree of enterprize, by keeping pace with the spirit of the age.

Abstaining from further *profession*, or a great parade of *promises*, on ask a proper degree of patience on the part of the curious, and assure them that they shall next week " see what they shall see."

REMEMBER, THE TERMS *will be as heretofore*.—TWO DOLLARS *in advance*. THREE DOLLARS *at the end of the* YEAR.

Our Army.

National Deficiencies—The present state of our Navy—inferiority of American ships to Engl'sh ones of like Rating—Consequent weakness of a Country, with a strong coast—Denial the ships of both Nations—The best Officers—What ought to be Done.

The session of Washington was "in perfect peace, prepare for war," and the extraordinary wisdom of that maxim was never less at fault than when he uttered this saying. Much as we do, to possess a conflict between ourselves and England, yet we know not when such a thing may result from diplomatic difficulties; but we are assured that there will be less danger of its occurrence, provided we put ourselves in a becoming state of defence. To do this let us first understand our weaknesses. The Navy—that right arm of national defence—claims our first notice. To it we shall this week, devote a few remarks.

In case of a war, the navy of the United States will be looked to by our citizens as the chief bulwark of our country, and justly so, for it is designed to it by the popular voice as much on account of the known gallantry of that branch of the service, as of the regulation it acquired in the last war. It is all important, therefore, that the superiority of our marine over that of England should be maintained, or, at least, that our ships *should* enter into a conflict with equal chances of victory. Such was the case in the last war. We were then generally victorious on the sea. Now, in case a like war should arise, in the U. S. Navy, at the present time, are inferior in every respect to vessels of the same rating in the English navy service. In case, therefore, of a battle, an English 44 would inevitably conquer an American 44, *provided the crews and officers of both were equally brave and skilful.* The weight of the broadsides alone would settle it. It is true that the American service has won for itself the glory of being the best in the world, yet there is such a thing as a blind overweening confidence leading men into dangers which they cannot be expected to encounter; and if, in case of a war, two vessels of equal rating should meet, and the Englishman, by any means should chance to be victorious, we hesitate not to say that the result would be most disheartening—not to the navy, for their bravery never would be dishearten-ed—but to the country at large. To avoid this, to prevent the possible mention of knave men, we urge the necessity, in case any one of the two should be built, of immediately there were on an equality with English ships of our of the same rating. In the last war, the ships were comparatively small, and the guns were of small calibre, but the case is now altered. Ships are now built of the greatest dimensions, and the guns are of the largest calibre. Now, we say, that we should be in danger, and ought to forbidden. Now we say that we should be in danger, and ought to forbidden. Now we say that we should be in danger, and ought to forbidden. Now we say

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance—$1.50 in advance for clubs.

The Postmaster may send as many papers as he pleases without charge. The word "Agent" must be written after each name. Agents will please observe that no orders can be taken from the Post office list unless the money is paid.

Payment in advance will be required at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publication Committee.

Small Bank Notes or solvent Bank notes taken at par for payment of subscriptions.

Letters which it is difficult to copy minutely correct. They should be written with care, and the Names, Post Offices, and States of Subscribers plainly stated.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive Eleven Copies of the paper.

Remittals must always be made by Mail, or by persons known to the Publication Committee, as no risk will be incurred by others.

Proceedings of Congress.

IN JUNE 3, Thursday, Feb. 6.—Mr. Rives, from the committee appointed to wait upon the Hon. Stephen Pleasonton, Fifth Auditor of the Treasury Department, and inform him that the House was ready to receive him, reported that he had attended to that duty, and that Mr. Pleasonton had informed the committee that he was not able to come; whereupon Mr. Rives moved that the House proceed to the chamber of the Fifth Auditor, for the purpose of receiving his testimony in relation to the charges preferred against him by the Committee of Ways and Means; which motion was agreed to.

The House accordingly proceeded to the chamber of the Fifth Auditor, and returned to the House.

Mr. Pleasonton was then called to the bar of the House, and was sworn by the Speaker to testify the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, touching the matters charged against him by the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Pleasonton then proceeded to read a written statement in his own defence, which occupied about two hours in the delivery.

Mr. Pleasonton then withdrew.

Mr. Rives moved that the House proceed to the consideration of the resolution reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, on the 3d instant, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to cause the Fifth Auditor to be prosecuted for certain alleged delinquencies in his office.

Mr. Rives addressed the House in support of the resolution, and was followed by Mr. Wise in opposition to it.

Mr. Rives replied, and the question was then taken on the resolution, and decided in the affirmative—yeas 109, nays 91.

So the resolution was adopted

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life.
This gives it all its charm.

Love Among.

Amid the busy mart of day,
I saw them pass by,
But, when the crowd above passed away,
And left me quiet, there,
She left the thronged and busy mart,
Unheeded, with a sigh,
Then stole thy beauty o'er my heart,
And, to make room for mine.

Then, in the stillness, I can see,
The form, all love and light,
Stand out, as if to awaken me,
And tell of sunny bright;
Then every bower, that sighs and waves
Around my dwelling, brings
The sweet and well remembered stream,
Upon its rippling wings.

And then, the song, long, lingering years,
That lie, pointless, now,
Are watched, and with happy tears
Upon thy breast I rest:
I gaze into thy face, once more,
As by the sun I kneel,
I am—do not—I may adore
As poor white crushing heel.

Flattery is Rare.—We lately came across an anecdote in an English paper, which furnishes a fine lesson, or the study of human nature. A miserable looking beggar, in piteous accents implored the charity of a well dressed lady who was passing by, but he was not graciously received.

"I have no small change," said she, with a repulsive look. "Then, most charming creature," said the philosopher in rags, "allow me the privilege of kissing your beautiful, lily-white hand!"

"No, my friend," replied the pleased fair one, with a smile, "I cannot do that, but there's half a crown for your pains!"

Pat Attorney.—An unfortunate Hibernian —an frequenter of large parties, consequently a needle in gratuitousness—cumming in his blue up on the bank of a southern creek, copied a terrapin planning itself.

"Och, honey!" exclaimed he, solemnly, "that ever I should come to America to see a crawl less baby."

"What!" said his wife, "don't be after making fun of the birds."

A Sea Bull.—An Irishman, who served on board a man of war in the capacity of waiter, was ordered by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line of considerable length, which was towing over the taffrails. After rowing in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to the test, he exclaimed, with the greatest naivete imaginable, "And, sir, as well as every mouthful of it, I'm sartain sure there's not a bit of it aten!"

Value of Massed Men.—A little more animation my dear," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do have me to manage my own business, ma-ma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a mortal man." "Of course not, my love: but I was not aware who your partner was."

First Love.—There is nothing in this care worn world so sweet and innocent as a young girl's first love. Then—when the heart is fresh, when every thought is pure, when the poetry of life has not yet been crushed out of the soul, when as we are nearer to our childhood we are nearer to heaven—then it is that we love with an intensity such as we never love with again.

A Theatrical Manager.—A man who was apparently more of a wit than a prudent, but who, notwithstanding, was confined to a madhouse, being asked how he came there, answered, "Merely a dispute of words; I said that all men were mad, and all men said that I was mad, and *the majority carried the point.*"

Cure a Cold.—"Bristol, will your Balsam of Hoarhound cure a cold."

"Certainly, sir; it is an infallible remedy."

"You will oblige me then if you will give the weather a dose.

Get out, you impertinent puppy."

A Clock and a Woman.—Fontelius being asked one day by a lord in waiting at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, he instantly replied—" A clock serves to point the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

A Young Wit.—"Pa, is dogs got wings?" "Wings! no—dogs have no wings, my boy. What put that?" "Why, thunder and scissors, Pa,—this are paper says *a big dog flew* at a man and bit him—so I guess dog is got wings, too."

Liberty.—It was the saying of a Jewish Rabbi, that if the sea were ink, the trees pens, and the earth parchment, it would not be sufficient to write down all the praises due to God, for liberty.

Going Up.—A man at the Scilly Islands was asked to join the Tee-total Society, he replied, "I may as well, for I never like to drink alone, and it appears I shall soon have no company."

Female Management.—Many families have owed their prosperity fall so much to the prosperity of female management as to the knowledge and sobriety of the father.

Genius.—Genius resembles a proud steed, that whilst he obeys the slightest touch of the hand lauds of a master, revolts at the first indication of compulsion or restraint.

Truth.—He who would live in charity with all men, speak evil of no one, look not upon evil and hear no scandal, must live alone, be dumb, be deaf and blind.

Born Alike.—"You needn't feel so big," said a butcher's man to a young doctor; "for we are both of a trade. We are both paid for killing."

Receipt for Lunch.—Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the vessle in an old fashioned ice house.

A New Fever.—"My dear," said a lady to a little girl, what is the matter with your mother?" "She's got the rebellious fever, ma'am."

A Preference.—Which music do you prefer, Miss M.—that of the fiddle or the violin?" "The violin, all women, sir."

Advice.—He that wishes for health must make his appetite obey his reason.

A Great Poke-bater.—The Mud Note may there is a man in that city who eats so much pork, that he squeals in his sleep.

The Price.—"I say, landlord," enquired a lawyer, what are you going to charge to keep me all winter for nothing?"

A Lawyer's Management.—I always manage my cases in the most *fun-like* way," or the lawyer said to his client.

—Mamma, one ask your cousin's dead, didn't she, I was 'fraid to tell you of one before, cose 'fraid you wouldn't have it."

Commander.—In case of war," what hand would the ladies join?"—join a *hot-hand*, to be sure.

Man.—A creature brought into existence for the purpose of getting property.

Pussy.—A machine for rat-ing in the streets for the accommodation of mulligan.

Wallizing.—"Don't tell any body," as the thief said to the dumb man.

A Hit at the Ladies.—Knocking off a lady's bonnet with a snow ball.

Come to a Newspaper Office.

[SCENE STEAMER.

Stranger.—Good morning, gentleman,"

Editor.—Good morning, sir—sit down."

Str.—"I want to get one of your morning papers."

Edi.—"Certainly, sir," handing him a paper.

Str.—"There is nothing in the paper I believe of much importance this morning ?"

Edi.—"No sir, nothing very important. There is, however, an interesting letter from Florida, and a letter of a late date from Washington."

Str.—"Oh, I don't want this paper as I have dined quite off, and *perhaps* it may be the means of preventing you a subscriber."

Edi.—"Good morning, sir."

Str.—"Good morning, gentleman," bowing himself out of the office, and *forgetting* to pay for the paper.

Edi.—Good morning, sir."

After a short absence, the stranger returns with the paper in his hand, and requests the clerk to *put it in a newspaper for him.*

The above scene actually took place in our office yesterday morning, and we publish it simply that our readers may see the value placed upon the labor and expense of publishing a newspaper. What would a Grocer think of a stranger coming into his store, and after ordering a pound of sugar or coffee, how himself out without offering to pay for it? Or a hardware dealer, of a carpenter, purchasing a hammer or plane in the same? And yet do not publishers of newspapers have to labor and invest capital as well as the former? Do not they also as individuals think it right to avail himself of the labor of one, more than another, without remuneration?—*Exchange paper.*

A Strong Speech.

An orator, at a late political meeting,—no matter where or when—made the spoke—discovered in the following strain :—

"Gentlemen, it will be surmised that I should occupy a very narrow view of State affairs, if I regarded the whole allegation of politican pretensions, inclosing this Cincinnati Tennessee Charleston flood of feeling. Gen. Jackson says the Union must be preserved ; South Carolina, Gentlemen, three or four monstrous parties are now forming in our country, Federalists, nullifiers, republicans and democrats. Federalists so called from the old Frederick, King of all the Russias, and are in favor of burning blue-lights on the sea coast, in order, if we common winds sil, and they go to holding all convention at Hartford. Nullifiers are opposed to the sovereignty of the old thirteen United States, and go in for a disunion of the south. Republicans are for putting down the doctrine of instructions, and instriping the ballot box—Democrats are opposed to tolling Mr. Van Buren loose from Bogota, in England, and are of the real Jackson grit, and go the whole hog for silver and gold. Gentlemen, this is my view —and here is an English half dollar I have just drawed from my pocket on which is described my motto, in one of the dead languages, and the motto of every true grit American. " Eglorig Nowmen !"—and which being interpreted means *a plurality of new men for office!* Gentlemen, I acknowledges my indulgence to you, for your kind obligations to me on this eventful period. Gentlemen, cross over the way with me, and we will get the worth of the half dollar, in something that will review our acquaintance.

Anticipation.

There is, perhaps, something more of serious fact than poetry in the following rhymes :

I have long stories and short cases of corn,
A comfy farm house and a chatty barn ;
More cats than pigs, no horse, but many guns,
Crowed rose, tight house, old debts and paper dues.
A wife sighing for a fashionable residence,
Abundant gab and little information ;
The fool who sings in bed, and snores in nursing,
Who laughs in bible class, and cries in church while eating.

Choking off a Lawyer.

The best and most effectual check ever given to a verbose prattler,got recovered in a western city, a few years ago in the following manner. A man against his will, a shrewd, plain spoken, straight forward citizen was called from his business and hurried into court to testify in relation to some trivial point of litigation. He sat some time patiently until he got the merits of the case and saw that the counsel on his side had gained his point, and for worthless of being so decided than thrust into a court of justice. Yet a pedantic look. He then arose in the midst of a long and learned display of law books before him, and giving every indication that he was going to commence a profile fashionable, a kind of forensic oratory for which he was somewhat calculated among the different gentlemen's courts and other lors of the place.—After several pompous *hems* and *haws* he commenced—

"Gentlemen of the jury"—

"Look here," said our juryman, rising and pulling out his watch,—"I've just got one remark to make before you go on. *If you talk more than five minutes I'll give my verdict against you!* Now you see the line you my the better."

The lawyer took the hint, consented to be choked off, and was rewarded by the paltry verdict he wished to gain.

An Apology.

When John Clerk (Lord Eldon) was at the bar he was remarked for the easy *fond* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion the junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed, "Why, sir, I was surprised at such a decision!" The case construed into contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend in his place in the next morning. Fearful of consequences, he consulted his friend, John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would make an apology for him in a way that would satisfy the most casuist result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John rose and coolly addressed the astonished tribunal :—"In your sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgot himself as to treat your bench with disrespect; he is exceedingly penitent, and you will kindly soothe his wounded spirit by a slight reprimand. You must see at once it originated in that. He said he was surprised at the decision which your lordships had given, and he was only ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have, he would not have been surprised at any thing you did?"

A Beautiful Reflection.

Balmez eloquently says : " I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is reduced to the space of a few days, that for a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the depths of our heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty like to that of Eden, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their loneliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the reach or grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And lastly, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts ? Oh, there is a higher destiny than that on earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades ; where the stars will be spread out before us like the inland fruit elsewhere in the ocean ; and where the beings that pass before like shadows will stay our presence forever.

Throwing a Tub to the Whale.

The Greenland rosmic, and indeed the South Sea whale, are sometimes (especially after stormy weather) so surrounded with whales that the attention of the crew becomes dangerous. When this is the case it is usual to throw out a tub, in order to direct their attention ; when the marine monsters amuse themselves in tossing this singular sort of a plaything into the air, tossed-fin, as children do a shuttlecock. Their attention being drawn, every sail is lowered, and the vessel presses its course to its destination.—Hence came the saying, " Throwing a tub to the whale."

The Mark.

The tolesh retired from the shore; all the clocks but one withdrew ; the Lord of Rosemary, also, who had remained hitherto as the nocturnal guest of the Count, withdrew with some others, all, having Bernard de Rohan still upon the pavilion, with Pierre Millort standing before the door. One or two of the principle domestics also before looked down with pale countenances upon the popes before them, and a sensation of awe took possession of Bernard de Rohan's mind, which his indistinct notion of what was about to take place.

At length, when the doors were shut, the president stood at a small silver bell which stood beside him, and another pair of doors, which hitherto had not been opened, were thrown back. Bernard de Rohan, as he sat, could not see into that chamber; but Pierre Millort, who stood in the witness's place, did see, and was instantly seized with an irresistible shaking from head to foot.

"Monsieur de Rohan," said the president, "it is the will of the king, of which we, your judges, fully approve, that we leave you in the least constrained, but been maintained, unwavering, the same story, self have neither refused to plead nor challenged your judges, you should not be allowed to speak in your own defence. The man, however, Pierre Millort, having shown himself a notorious prevaricator, and unworthy of belief unless corroborated by witnesses, must be taught, by the force of corporeal pain, to speak the truth."

"I do beseech you, sir," said Bernard de Rohan, "if it be permitted, that the unhappy man, who must all perceive clearly that a weak notion of serving me, by concealing suspicious circumstances, first raised him, and that, since he has been in this place, terror and folly have quite bewildered him, if it be possible, and let the whole weight of his testimony go against myself."

"Your request is inadmissible, sir," replied the judge.—"We must not reject the means assigned to us for the purpose of arriving at substantial justice. Your request is of this nature, and, relating to a man who had entered from the chamber of the torture, and who instantly mixed upon the utterance of his name, I cannot but leave the open doors, notwithstanding prayers, and tears, and struggles. "I was going to say," continued the president, addressing the prisoner, "that, if you are pleased, as you may be interpleted by his confession, you may enter the chamber of the question, and there say the words he saw.

Bernard de Rohan shook his head. "No, sir," he said, "no! It is enough—it is too much to know that such horrid dealings are taking place in this world, and that the Sieur de Jarzyn is in secret—Even unto death! should it be necessary; but you have the surgeon there?"

The man nodded his head and retired. Then came an interval not exactly of silence, but of low sobs and of stifled entreaties, and of sounds of wailing as of a person in deep grief and fear.—The young gentleman was listening in horror and indignation of heart, till at length, in about five minutes more, there issued forth a shrill and piercing cry of pain, which, after a pause of torture, first made the whole hall ring, and even blanched the lips of the judges that sat at the table. Then came a second cry, and a third cry; and a loud voice at length was heard to say, "You are carrying it too far; relax the wheel a little."

"I will confess, I will confess," cried the voice of the unhappy Pierre within. "I will confess all, I will believe in the sanctity of the king, and—and—I was sure of it at the time. It was that made me speak falsely. He was my master, my master, I say!—Oh God! oh God! But me true! set me free!"

"But were you the accomplice of his crime?" cried another voice from within. "Did you know that he meant to kill the king?"

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed the unhappy man.—"I knew nothing, I knew nothing. It was all—" with a fearful cry was heard the words of what he was saying; as the rack seemed to have been more extended by the executioner, and then end-only gave vent to a groan.

"Set him free, set him free," cried several voices. "He is gone."

"He is not dead, Gentel," said the voice that had asked the questions.

"He is dead," said another voice, probably that of the surgeon. "I told you you were incurring the wheel too far."—*G. P. R James.*

Sentiment.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Like an enfranchised bird, which newly springs,
And, with a keen sparkle in his glancing eye,
Shows his sense of freedom by his soaring wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—
So my enraptured heart, as long thirst'ning,
At length from Love's imprisonment set free,
Gives forth once more its own youthful sense,
Glad and exulting in its liberty.
But take that helpless bird (numbered on long,
Or clip the pinions of its wings so strong,
When soon forgets to trail his joyous song.
So the fair liberty, which, in its own mute,—
So from its former bonds released in vain
My heart's short-lived rapture the weight of its remembered chain.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Love.

Among the many feelings that occupy the human bosom, none will bear comparison in strength or power to Love. It is a passion which cannot be subdued, and which will burn in the heart for no fear, dreads no hindrance, stops at no obstacles and laughs at impossibilities : it holds every other feeling under its control, and often tramps the plain of reason itself.

Love to God,—what has been able to weaken that tie ? Not reason, for it has always been never yet succeeded ; at the stake amid the flames —in torture the most severe—under cruelty the most unheard of, unrelenting cruelty, only growing the stronger as it became more tried ; millions on millions have suffered martyrdom for this love, and millions now exist who would willingly suffer the same punishment rather than forsake it.

Love to mankind ! See the thousands of benevolent associations with their hundreds of thousands of members, and the millions of money annually appropriated. Why are these associations formed —why this money expended ? Alone for the love that we bear to mankind in general, as their wants may be supplied and their condition better-ed. Look at Howard actuated by this Love,—his high lineage and his friends, in vain from danger to dangeon ; comforting the sad, consoling the bereaved, instructing the ignorant, and administering to the wants of the dying ; and all through this same cause each sacrifice, or prompt to such actions !

Love of country ! Ancient and modern his story abounds with incidents that forcibly illustrate it ; we need refer to but one. Look to "the times that tried men's souls," think of our fathers, and of the privations they endured for the love of country, see them marching bare-footed over frozen ground, at other times with naught but the snow for their beds, and their own scanty blankets ; but prompted by this love they pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," willingly depriving themselves of every comfort and pleasure, as well as every necessary and luxury of life, merely for Love of Country.

Love of Life ! Our strong in this feeling in the human breast, the fear of losing it has caused it to watched with dread ; for the recovery of health they spend money and time, leave business and home, and travel by night and day ; much as they value riches while in health, yet all would be abandoned if by so doing they could be restored again to the enjoyments of life.

Natural Love ! there it displays great power and strength ; see two whose affections are united and who really love—what can possibly estrange their affections from each other ? *If* necessary, they leave the home of their childhood, the country of their birth, sometimes even give for poverty for it.—Ah, affection, affection, how strong are the cables by this dear, to the too tender to be numbered ! all hindrances and difficulties are surmounted, and every obstacle overcome, and all for love ! Love is the spell to end the ardour of their Love, and how severe even then is the separation. See the pallid cheek, the sunken eye, and the languid look of the lover, when he is forced to leave the object of his affections, and even when the one loved is gone ; pleasures almost cease to afford any enjoyment.

The Love that exists between brothers and sisters, and children to parents,—is also strong and enduring. They cling to each other amid all changes of circumstance, and all trials of adversity,—and though separated bodily by mountains and plains, rivers and oceans, yet, they remain connected by Love, which continues while life exists, or memory exerts its power.

Parental Love,—here its power far surpasses any and every other feeling. A mothers love cannot be obliterated,—only the severest the trial, the more cruel the persecution, and the heavier the affliction ; the purer, brighter, stronger glows her Love ; life, health, possessions, pleasures, and comforts are all forfeited for the object loved,—earth has nothing to which we can compare it, but the Love manifested by our Saviour. The sun, moon, and stars, are his father's lover. Willingly by day and night he toils and labors for the support, comfort, and for the health and happiness of his offspring.

Love is a feeling that dwells in every bosom, and no one can doubt the fact of it being the purest and holiest affection of the heart. With out Love, all society would be disorganized,—every tie rendered,—all order vanish,—and confusion hold complete sway ; indeed our world would be but a hell, for it is the absence of Love that creates such a place. The strength of Love is felt by the unlearned, for one may every where feel and passion of the human bosom shall be subjected to it, and our world shall be ruled and respected by Love.

Philadelphia. W. R. S.

A Sentimental Baby.

Some postaster wrote the following for the Richmond Baby, as it killed him

" Long is here
That brings us ere;
Fall is the corn,
That no ertie leave;
Rose to the sky
That never broke patter;
Hard as the apple
Sticks, and is never grave mother;
But longer and blue, and harder and tall,
Is my sweet lady 'cos—my adorable Pall!"

A Character.

Whoever travels through New England, (says the Boston Courier,) and notices the characteristics of some of the natives, cannot fail to be amused and may derive many new ideas in respect to individuality and diversity of character.

Some years since an acquaintance of ours set out on horseback from the eastern part of Maine, destined to the Green Mountains in Vermont. While travelling through the town of New Salem his road led into a piece of woods some five miles in length, and long before he got out of which he began to entertain doubts whether he should be blest with the sight of a human habitation ; but as all things must have an end, so at last had the woods, and the next house was that of the farmer granted his vision. Near the road was a tall, raw boned, overgrown, lantern-jawed boy, probably seventeen years of age, digging potatoes. He was a curious figure in behold. What was lacking in the length of his tow breeches was amply made up for in those of his suspenders, and in the supposed of birch bark, grape vine and sheep-skin, and as for his hat, which was of dingy white felt and had no nap, it was a thing to behold for long days, but one's also ! it was only the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempests of time had beaten the top in, or the hat's expanding genius had burst the bands asunder, we know not, but it was surprising ; and through the apertures red hairs in abundance stood six ways for Sunday. In short, he was the largest specimen of human nature and manufactures that ever mortal beheld. Our travelling friend, feeling an itching to escape upsain the society of the critter, drew up the reins of his horse and began :

"Hallos, my good friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house ?"

Jonathan started up, leaned on his hoe-handle, rested one foot on the gambrel of his sinister leg, and then replied :

"Hello yourself! How'd dew ? Wall I jest can. Taint near so far as it used to be since they cut the woods away—tho a 'twas generally reckoned about seven miles from one house to another. But be sure to meet his gals long afore you get there; tarnal *vampin'* critters, they plague our folks more'n a little. His sheep got in our potter every day and his gals in our orchard. Dad sets the dog after the sheep and me after the gals, and the way we make the wool and short growns fly is a sin to makes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious, young man ; pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other."

"I never knew any body to meddle with my grass lengths, mester ; but seein' it is you, I'll tell ye. I was born, as my tinkler reckons, on that when I hold a plough, I can go with one foot in the furrer, and t'other on land, and not hop over; however, it is very convenient when I mow round a side hill."

"Very good indeed, how do your potatoes come on this year ?"

"They don't come on at all ; I digs 'em out ; and there's an everlastin' snarl of 'em in each hill."

"But they are small I perceive."

"Yes I know it ; you see we planted some whoppers last year, some over so that 'em big ones and they flourished so allfredly, that these 'ere stopped growin' just out of sight ; 'cause they knew'd they couldn't get bigger in any way."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

"The looks ain't nothin' ; it's all in the babeuse. This 'ere hat was my religious flouting-go to-meetin' hat, and it's just as plenck full of goodness now as the day it left it. Ever, and I'll never be no hum, but I dont dig cetas in it no how."

"You have been in these parts some time I should guess ?"

"I guess so too. I was born'd and got my bowlin up in that 'ere house ; but my master place is down in Portland."

"Then you say it is about three and a half miles to the next house ?"

"Yes, sir ; 'twas a spell ago, and I don't believe it's grow'd much shorter since."

"Much obliged. Good by."

"Good by to ye—that's a'most stick horse of yourn !"

The World.

The this is the last world that we live in.
The next to be tried, or to go to a man's own.
By here. Yet the worst world that ever was known.

Good Breeding.

Good Breeding—says an old writer of the 18th century—is an amiable and permanent grace. It beautifies the actions and the looks of men. But equally odious is the grimace of good breeding. In comparison with this, blustness is an accomplishment. The age of a well-bred man is just as offensive as the well-bred man is agreeable : he is a nuisance in his superannuation. I am frightened at the affected smile and the spish shrug. When these fool copies of gentlemen throw their civil grin in one's face, it is as much as one can do to avoid spitting in theirs. A startled rogue, forcing smiles, is a more hideous sight than a mountain. He is a fugitive from nature : and it is notable impudence in such a creature to pretend to be courteous.

Human Endurance.

Germany, like all other continent kingdoms, can produce specimens of the perfection of great antiquity. Every department of literary and scientific knowledge has been explored by her sons with success, and all of them studied by their genius and talents. In Mathematics, Philosophy and Astronomy, she boasts of great and powerful names, and in the higher departments of literature she produces a crowded list of illustrious writers. Many of her poets have attained a distinguished rank in the temple of the Muses, and proved themselves their special favorites. Their fills to consecrate them, or even to give a passing glance at the peculiar excellences of each. The count of which is the most extensive and varied, which have produced all that is splendid and brilliant in matter or in mind. Yes, more, you find in the cultivation of the most exalted, and the most fanciful, the Drama, too, has had her votaries amongst their members, and their treasures in this department of literature are of more than ordinary excellence. The spirit of patriotism has burned in the hearts of many, and produced its exalted effusions. In every part the Germans are identified, whilst the dignity of the Epic has been fully sustained by the renowned Maestas of Klopstock. For many years the study of the German language was confined to the learned and professions ; but latterly its knowledge has been widely increased, and a greater anxiety has been expressed for its acquirement than in the study of literature.—One of the greatest writers of modern times, the incomparable Goethe, made his first literary essay in the German Theatre, and received and derived no slight encouragement in the persecution of his illustrious career, from the present German authors professing congenial spirits with his own.

Epigram, on Somebody's Silver Prize's Trade.

I'll keep the gift whatever I lose,
For 'twas my pride, my joy to win it—
But when you see my picture, prize,
O, lady! let your hand be on it.

Tale of Bladderia.

Among the traditions of Sicilium, firstland, there is a tale of Sadlet of Alger, Governor of Bladderia. It was, at a remote period, the custom of the eaters (cobblers) on winter mornings to tie and begin work. Young Sadlet, the Alger, discovering a noise, who lived in the Kirk Wynd, and whose shop was the nearest of all others to the church, being at work, was called upon by a gaper, and desired to go and see what was the matter. He said he would call for at the same hour on a certain future day. The customer accordingly came, and got not paid for what he chose. The morning there was something extraordinary in his manner and appearance, was endowed by curiosity to follow the stranger, in order to see where he would go. He went into the church-yard, and, which was there, and till lately, unin-closed ; and, to the sexton's great astonishment, he disappeared at a particular grave. The shoemaker, in his haste, had brought his awl in his hand ; this he stuck in the ground when he began to enquire as to his return. When daylight came he went, along with a great body of his wondering neighbors, and, breaking open the grave, found the shoemaker dead in the coffin. Forgetting that they were no longer his property, he took them home with him. Next morning, as he was at work, he saw the same stranger standing near him, with a countenance whose ferocity almost from his blood to perfect rust. He seemed him to say, "Sadlet, give away that which you have not paid for. "You bar- thee," he continued, "made me a worle's wonder ; but I shall soon make you a world's wonder." He then dragged the unhappy suitor to the church-yard, and at day light put Crispin's body was restored to him from limb, and the coffin which his curiosity had so unjustifiably violated.

Professor Wilson.

Among the papers of a late issue of the Scottish Journal, is an admirable article on Professor Wilson, the renowned Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburg University. —When we read the writer, in one which he gives scope to, and harmonizes with, his glowing and enthusiastic turn of mind ; when he can rise on his colossal and luminous of the subject, and then it is that he flings aside his papers, and in strains of the most thrilling eloquence, pours forth the rich treasures of age, digging potatoes. He was flowing freshly up from the fulness of his heart. During these bursts, Wilson looks like one inspired. His eye, in a fine plenary rolling," actually glows ; his features, always commanding, appear doubly so when lighted up by the conscious fire of genius. The tones of his voice instantly change, and, at once, and wholly unconscious of every thing beside the one absorbing topic. On such occasions, his language is perfect poetry ; and indeed, thoughts frequently flow from him which produce an almost electrical effect upon his class. Who that heard him, will forget his saying, soon after the death of his lady, (an event which effected him most deeply) in apologising for some delay in returning the prize exercises. " *Gentlemen, I could not tie to read them in the valley of the shadow of death !*" Writers however, the writer adds, can be gay as well as serious ; and he not unfrequently sets his pen to work in his lunches of humor, delivered in a style of the most irresistible drollery.

To Be Read.

It is worthy of remark that no person who took a newspaper regularly, and paid for it, was ever convicted of a capital offence. No such person was ever sent to the penitentiary, or to any other prison. No such person ever committed suicide, went to the lunatic asylum ; and, with a few exceptions, forgerity has been the consequence of no spiritual paper.

Lady's Department.

Novel Reading.

I cannot dismiss this subject, without adverting to another class of readers, who are injurious to the taste and pursuits of the female. I allude to that passionate and excessive devotion to fictitious literature, which is the ongoing infelicity of the sex. It is now my purpose to describe how the species of literature mingles poison with the elements of thought and feeling, and unmanizes for the duties, the joys and the occupations of real life. My object is to speak of its influence in reducing he mind from the purest intellectual fountains, gluing with rich and voluptuous delights, and leading it to the turbid stream, which, swollen by the sudden frother, bear all the impurities of hill and dale in their course to the sea. Many ancient and even claimed for popular fictions is that they supply relaxation and amusement for the exhausted intellectual energies. They were never intended to hold any higher station in the empire of literature, than the rose, the lily, or the daffodil in the field of botany. And the student who devotes his hours of enduring entertainment, will be as justly sustained as the body whose only nutriment consists of the productions of the flower-bed. They elicit no natural thought, and are the prostration and penetration of the mind into exercise—supply no discipline for the high pursuits of literature and science—discharge no moral duty. Hence a female may gird itself for bold and effective action, and, above all, propose no lofty and enduring rewards for her toil, if her mental energies ever go to the novel or romance for fire to kindle thought, elevate feeling, and quicken the mind for high exploit !

Let the female who would be distinguished in the literature is, it constitutes three-fourths of the reading of the young females of our land. Go to your public libraries, and you will see the works of Bulwer, Scott, Fielding, and Smollett, thumbed and marked, bedewed with many a tear, and adorned with many a flower ; whilst the standard works on history, philosophy, and biography, and even the English classics, are untouched. Yes, so wide-spreading and pernicious is this passion for fiction, that it vitiates the taste for pure and lofty conceptions, and blinds the eye to all that is splendid in substantial literature. Yes find the food admirer of the novel preferring the crude compilations of a literary manufacturer, to the easy laughish and pure, to the inspiring eloquence of a Cowper, which might wear her to the highest heavens of sentimental life, or the lofty strains of a Milton, which might roll her soul to heaven. You find her familiar with the rise, progress, circumstances and catastrophe of some imaginary adventurer of chivalry, or romance, or of love, and yet unacquainted with those events in the history of our race, which have overturned empires, changed constitutions, broken down the strongholds of superstition and cruelty—established the triumphs of Christianity—commanded all that's great in art and science—and which have produced all that is splendid and brilliant in matter or in mind. You, more, you find the wife enamoring the midnight lamp, passionately threading the lucubrations and details in the fanciful life of some chuck-here or heroine, and yet she never glances her eye over the biographies of Socrates, Cicero, Chatham, Burke, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, and Whitefield—of all those gigantic spirits who RAISE, tinder God, stamped with their mighty impress, and whose deeds are identified with all that is noble, spirit-stirring and enduring in the chosen possessions of our ages. Language was not given to us to waste in vain, more interested in culling flowers on the banks of the Niagara, than in listening to the roar of its waters, and in gathering pebbles on every beach, whilst nature were rushing to the conflict ! and yet who is surprised to see individuals standing in the midst of the creation of the universe of God, more enraptured with the dreams of fancy, than with those facts which comprehend all that is thrilling in the deeds and destinies of man, and sublime in the operations of God !—*Galloway.*

Wisdom.

How great is the absurdity, and how pernicious the tendency of a belief in the intellectual inferiority of females ! Nature has made no essential differences between man and woman, correspondence to the clearly defined spheres of each, is apparent. This might be inferred from their physical conformation. The muscles of the female are of a finer mould ; in her there is much less than man of the vantage of strength, and the general muscular power. Strange, however, we may appear, whether from the finer thread the rough bogan to warm use. Being thus encouraged, I resolve to give my opinion on this delicate and complicate, which not only made life a burden, but which I am sure to destroy more than it has ever done. A new elegant stone using the medicine, as above stated, will be found to be a perfect cure for the disease.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Are highly useful for all persons who are subject to Costiveness, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Bilious Complaints, Liver Complaints, Fevers, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, Colic, Female Obstructions, Heart Burn, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous Affections. They are also a safe and certain remedy for Habitual Drunkenness, Loss of Appetite, Habitual or Summer Complaints, and Fevers of all kinds. In cases of Fever, Ague and Fever, Bilious Fever, Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever, Typhus Fever, Spotted Fever, Typhoid Fever, Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs, Inflammation of the Stomach, Inflammation of the Liver, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Womb, Inflammation of the Bowels

James Hildreth, Cape May.
Wm. S. Dennis, May's Landing.
Thomas Hand, Bridgeton.
Chamberlain & Hand, Tuckahoe, Egg Harbor.
Barclay & Freeman, Lawnenceville.
C. C. Vail, Trenton.
W. J. Sloan, Princeton.
J. Bonser & Brother, Newark.

DELAWARE

Wm. Saltmarsh & Son, Wilmington
Thomas Lunt, Lunt's Corner, Frederica.
James Hanson, New Castle.
Edward Gartin, Smyrna.
Moses Palmer, Brandywine.
Eli Chandler, near Smith's Bridge.

MARYLAND.

Thomas S. Hoof, 202 Baltimore street.
Charles Parker, Elkton.
Evans, Morgan, Havre de Grace.
J. Frederick, Frederick city.
F. Hockersmith, Hagerstown.
Josaphus Bond, Cumberland.
George Reed, Hyattsville.

VIRGINIA.

Shipman & Zeler, Mount Crawford.
George W. Bell, Jonesville, Lee county.
James Meiser, 30 Centre street, Norfolk.
Edward Gentry, near Park Hill, Arkansas.
Cherokee Nation.

Here for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Pills, v
SHERMAN, 139 TREMONT STREET, Boston
3 RACE STREET PHILADELPHIA. ly 17

WORM LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES, now the gre
discovery ever made, for dispelling the various
worms. Unlike an Ipecacuanha and disagreeably a
Worm Lozenges. They are an infallible rem
so pleasant to the taste that children will take
readily as a confectionary.
Prof. F. Gundpeed, 120 Fifth Avenue, has always
children of worms, by Sherman's Lozenges. He
he trifling cost to him has been no very necessar.
the Rev. James Townsend's girl, nine years ol
suffering away, and was in a few days, that death
was looked to for relief. Three doses of Sher
Worm Lozenges entirely cured her.
Dr. Stevens, one of the most distinguished phy
this country, says Sherman's Worm Lozenge
safest and most certain he knows of for destr
Dr. Hunter, another celebrated physician, uses
his medicine in his practice.
Mr. Castle, 227 Broadway, has used Sherman's Lo
the position, for more than two years,—and never
fail in one.
Rev. H. R. Beardsley, Col. L. Clark, Joseph Halse
Binghamton, and the thousands who have
the Lozenges, can fully attest to their great and
real virtues.
More than 100 certificates might be added of Gen
industrial proprietors.
Price, 25 cents per box.

TO EFFECTUALLY RELIEVE HEADACHE, CURED IN FIVE TO
FIVE MINUTES, BY SHERMAN'S CARTHOLIC LO
ENGE.—These are a very pleasant, agreeable and effe
medicine, an unfailing remedy for instance of sprain
sick headache, inflammatory or painful sore throat,
and all other complaints where the camphor is

SHERMAN'S POOR MAN'S PLASTER
1,000,000 sold yearly, and only 25 cents each

COUGH LOZENGES

SHERMAN'S COUGH LOZENGES are the safest
most sure and effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds
CONSUMPTION, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness
Chest, Influenza, &c. The proprietor has heard
and cases where they did not give perfect satisfa
The Rev. James Kidd writes that he had a severe
with pain in his right side, night sweats, and
all the symptoms of consumption. He tried mo
medies, but all in vain. He consulted some of th
distinguished physicians, and they told him he ha
consumption, and that nothing in life, as he could
do. A friend advised him to try Sherman's Cough
Lozenges, as they had cured several of their
sons up. He did so, and to the unspeakable joy
soul, he immediately began to grow better and
in a few weeks four bottles, was entirely cured, and
ever again, through divine blessing, permitted to s
the pulpit.
Mr. Gilbert, No. 6 Ann street, cured of a most
cough in one day by a few doses of Sherman's
Lozenges.
Dr. R. D. Kemp, of Newburg, was cured of a
ble, by three bottles of Sherman's Cough Lozeng
having tried yours and trying several doctors, a
Lozenges did me. Through the blessing of God
life to them.
Mrs. Jenkins was given up as incurable, and
ed to breathe her last. She was cured in a few
these celebrated Lozenges.
The Rev. Dr. Eastwood has used them in his fa
also several members of his church, and he
them to be the best medicine extant.
A. Allen, a distinguished physician of this cit
has used Sherman's Lozenges in his practice in
ny cases, and they always proved effectual
says been able to cure the most distressing cou
a shorter time in one or two days.
Price 25 and 37½ cents per box. Sherman's
Cough Lozenges. Warehouse No. 99 Nassau

PETERS PILL

THE Wonderful cures effected by this medicine
all engrossing subjects of the day. Go where
a few hour of morning but Mr. Such-a-One
ed by Dr. Peters's Vegetable Pills, or you hea
Such-a-One was cured of Fever and Ague, Li
ed by Dr. Peters's Pills; or, in one word, died
has been restored to health by Dr Peters's
cine.
Really this medicine must be very good, or it c
for so many. It is good. For many years it has
in the "even tenor course of its way," carr
ing with it the unbounded confidence of the
of its unerring course is unquestionable.
is an impossible to stay the demand for this
to death his reaching wind.
life medicine that will penetrate to every death f
it is not under every house? Shall it not be
individual? Let us trust we shall do not to
Peters's Vegetable Pills, and thus prevent
that remedy, and remember that health o
ming from God.

PETERS'S VEGETABLE PILLS

Anti Bilious, Anti dyspeptic, and Anti dys
Pills are the most effectual remedy in the
positively beneficial in the following cases
low and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Li
ng, Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Jaundi
Dropsy, Rheumatism, Enlargements of the
ow, Chills, Pimple Obstructions, Heart Burn
ngue, Nausea, Distresses of the Stomach, Ha
Appetite, Retched or Restless Complexion, a
of Tongue of the Bowels, where a Cathar
ertion is needed. They are exceedingly mild
ertain producing neither nausea, griping no
than 12 and 25 cents per box.
Mr. Peter's Principal office, No. 99 North Sec
Philadelphia.

CAUTION.—Various spurious imitations
Infallible Remedy for Deafness.—The great
attended the application of this valuable
are hereby cautious against purchasing
ine of the Ear and Eye; for which Letter
Patent was granted to Dr. Taylor, by the
Government, and the assertion it has received
ar Academy of Medicine in Paris as well a
ewing Medical practitioners. Mr. Abernethy
ger, Drs. Easton, Curtis, Drake, and I. Sey
&c. and other Artists and Surgeons collectiv
Medical Science, who have used and recommend
Taylor's Ear and Eye Elixir, in preference to
Chemistry, ensured the speedy introduction
ry country in Europe, and addresses more
Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory
stance. The certainty with which the Infa
Elixir restores Hearing, and the Eye to
ceptable. Since the Revolution of 1830, the
Louise Philippe, king of the French, and
g of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor
Honorary Artist to their Majesties, as a re
the many requests to hearing or observing
application of his long tried Garcia Vegetable
Pills, he has much pleasure in calling the
age all who are afflicted with deafness, and
cause, to apply his remedy.
the Garcia Vegetable or Infallible Remedy
ome description, such is its worth, and so h
ed by those who have experienced the wo
s will do more to propagate and recommend
than the Proprietor can say in fact, and he
that the Patentee can say in fact, and he
ent so has published the following extr
s.
ss S. A. MORTON, of Mile End Road, w
ly afflicted with deafness, after trying every
ent of four of, and her physician would prescribe
ent, but he could not hear him. She was
and before she used the third bottle, she was
ored to the sense of her hearing.
THOMAS DOBINEY, of Farnham street, W
stituted in the 42 Regiment, who struck th
ne of Waterloo, and had remained so ever s
the use of one bottle of Garcia Vegetable
ble.
ss GREEN of Vauxhall-walk who had been
deprived of the sense of hearing, was qu
using six bottles.
n the aged who are most commonly afflicted
ss, this preparation will indeed prove a
who frequently cured the tortures of the
ency have anticipated of derived fr
ss.
those afflicted with deafness arising from
taration must prove invaluable, and will rem
curing to their cases out of hand.
ss Dr. Taylor has published an extract as
to the scientific principles, equal from all Engla
he found on trial to carry its own commen
, it, in the large effects it produces by resto
aring who have been so unfortunate as to
the kind sense for many years.
ntees to the Public.—To prevent being impo
well to the Certificates of the Proprietor

his is to certify, that I have appointed
ng, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U
ne of that valuable Medicine, called
'S VEGETABLE, with full power
in where he may think proper, and as
ly of the public, I have thought proper to
full of directions round each bottle with
in my own hand writing, and the more
tect counterfeits. The Principal office where
ngent on the outside of every bottle, is
in School
Principal office, 99 Mackie street, Bowma
ved and by Mr. William Young, at his
ne of the three, one and five, 122 Peters St
ven Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.
R. Forster, Esquire, Senator, here the
to enlarge of the United States, from
ers 1836 and, including Five Dollars
and the Medicine prudently transm
ly.

VID EVANS' Patent Water and
ion Coolers, Filtering Pan Proof
ducting Machines, manufactured and
Second street, south-west corner of
delphia.
Evans still continues to manufacture
r and Fountain Coolers and Filtering
of these branches can be had of him
ranted for one to contained in stone jug
ring received testimonials from John
the celebrated Filtered preparer, he is
and mud proofs as good as those manufa
ter, and always keeps on hand an assor
, warranted equal to any, capable
gallons of water per hour. All Filtering
ly.
also continues to manufacture his Fire
ion, both double and single, of which
ard of 400 in operation on the cities of
York, Baltimore, New Orleans Mobile
s, and Charleston, South Carolina, and
ve to be said upon by the fact that no
ed in the use of them.
Air-tight, petrifactive Fire Proof
ining wood of stock of any kind; for
of books, papers, money, jewellery, &c.
with a composition calculated to resist
ct of heat, with exclusive Locks, and
manner.
on hand, Fire
Glazier, Master, &c.
ertain and most speedy
the public are cautioned
ders attended to.